



PENNY

Yes, do whatever you feel you need to, but please, spare the child.

HOT BLADES HARRY

Old woman, you've been grasping and conniving all your days. Why so giving now?

PENNY

Because ... Hope is my daughter.

ALL

[Gasp?!]

PENNY

And I am her mother.

ALL

[GASP?!!]

PENNY

Yes, Hope, it's true. I am your mother, the onetime lover of Caldwell B. Cladwell.

Hot Blades Harry [REDACTED]

Strumpet!

Little Sally [REDACTED]

Slattern!

PENNY

Call me what you will, but it was during the Stink Years, you see. No one thought they had much time then, so many of us did ... questionable things. There was the looting, of course, and the hoarding. But there were also the fond farewells and the late night trysts. Life was an explosion filled with riots, cheap cabarets, dancing girls—

LITTLE SALLY

And love?

PENNY

Oh yes, and love. There was love like no tomorrow, for there was no tomorrow, but there is always a tomorrow of some kind or another. After you were born, Caldwell made me promise never to reveal my identity to you, for I was something of a strumpet in my day.

